# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1585.


## Choice Poetry.

### MABEL.

BY ARAMIS.

The shining ember the reapers weird
Are bright in the sunlight mazes—
They go to the opulent harvest field
To reap the wealth of corn;
The choral winds of the morning chant
A harvest song of peace,
And the mellow sunlight shoons soloot
Through the Autumnal golden haze.

No more to bind the amber sheaves
With the reaper bands I go,—
I stand where the tops in the gaided corner
From the crystal sickly flow
The days of my life are old and sere,
But my heart is glad and young,
For the songs of the reaping bands I hear,
Are the melodies once they sung.

I am old, but Hope can never decay,
And why should my spirit rave,—
The sun shall be through my locks of gray,
And bathe me an old man's hair
My precious and personal days are flown,
But the light on the valley shone,—
And from unknown woodlands still is blown
The balm of the balmiest place.

My Hopes are planned with the wings of down,
And away from earthly things,
In the atmospheric vaccum of early tones
I'll rest for their weary wings;
Oh, chemic hopes, such rest ye found
When ye rose from a heart of flame
To a heaven of forms, to gather around
Our sample spiritual name.

Mabel—dream of the year that fell—
Last fair by the reaper Time—
It was here in the silkened harvest dell
That my youth was as a prime,
It was down in the harvest pride maidens,
We stood, familiar sister and I,
And here to our hearts was the single bone
In the tresses of deep of ebe found.

The golden radiance lent your face
The bracelets hue of the grain,
And flecking your cheek with a modesty grace,
Blooms roses there were fain:
And Love was supreme in your eyes—
Twas stars in the noonday sun,
And dreamed in your sad lips parted days
Of pearls amid the corn.

So the sweet vision of youth fled
To amazed in ocean lost,
When the Nyssan columnes gave his Youth
To her Beauty for evermore,
And I was the Lord of the lands from whence,
In the Autumn's amber gale,
Your virginal beauty and innocence
Was a wonder to wedded bride.

That night there was joy in the gaided manse
When home were the harvest wains,
The joyous and the sunrise rose on the dance,
To the bounding noose's strains,
And the trusting love in Mabel's eyes,
In their dear and holy shine,
Was the better spirit of Paradise,
Where last they looked at mine

Thus last gathered home to Thy garner, God,
The shadows of the golden years
But Their bloom none in the sepulcher clod,
And none in a world of tears,
The roses are green immortalities
Where the Summa Blossoms die,
And the Passion that sinks with the sunset sets
Sunset Peace in the one seen sky

Suffer the wraps of the harvests ring
Their choral song of praise,
And a prophecy this to me read they bring
Of bi-eternity parting days;
Of the things that shall really and gaily glide
On new years from a shifty Hand,
Of the dawns, with Mabel by my side,
In the calm of another Land.

*Pennsylvania Journal.*

*Frenchtown, N. J., Sept. 18, 1851.*

## Original Novelet.

### THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER.

OR,

### THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "SHANNONDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIX.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage has and be hastened off,
And many have escaped woe
Be sacred kept to after years,
And family treasured so.

*Old Song.*

Early the next morning Mr. Garnet—I suppose, readers, we must begin to call her Mrs. Garnet hereafter, now that she is thirty-three years of age, and has, besides, a marriageable daughter, although the delicate, girlish figure, and the graceful, girlish face, still belong to the amber-colored ringlets of her lady, still suggest the cool, familiar name of Alice—Well, Mr. Garnet arose softly, without awaking the General, and thrusting her small feet in wadded slippers, and throwing on a white dressing gown, passed into her daughter's chamber, for the purpose of looking after her comfort while she slept, to see whether she bore the fatigue of the ball well. She went in softly, drew the curtains of the bedstead, and, for her surprise, found that it had not been slept in. Her first thought, of course, was, that Elsie had remained all night at Pelter Place.

She felt disappointed, and returned immediately to her own chamber, rang for her maid, and proceeded with her morning toilet.

Her maid, Milly, entered, bearing on her arm the cloak and head hood that Elsie had worn the night before, and carefully dropped, while being dragged through the passage. Mrs. Garnet looked at her with astonishment, and asking,

"Why where did you get those, Milly? Is it possible that Miss Elsie has returned so early this morning? Where is she?"

"Miss Elsie returned last night, indeed, and must have stopped there! She, the passage, for I found them there."

"Returned last night! her bed has not been occupied! Where is she, then?" inquired Mrs. Garnet, dropping the long mass of golden curls that she had been twisting into a knot, and standing aghast with vague terror. "Where is she? Speak, woman! What is the meaning of this? Why do you look so strangely? Oh, my God! what has happened to my child? Speak, this moment, Milly! What do you know of it?"

"I thought you must a known, Miss Ally! Marster's locked her up in the garret!"

All the blood of the Chesters rushed to the brow of Alice, and crimsoned it!

"Locked my Elsie up in the attic!" she exclaimed—then, "Give me the keys! Where are they? Bring me the keys instantly!"

"Please, Miss Ally, marster took the garret key off of the hench, and put it in his pocket."

"Leave me, Milly! Go! Hasten! Go down stairs! I don't want you this morning!" said Alice, conscious of having betrayed too much emotion in the presence of her servant.

Milly left the room, and Alice hastened, with a flushed brow and trembling hand, to the log arm-chair at the head of the bed, over the back of which hung the General's clothing, that he had worn the night before. Alice searched all the pockets of the over-coat in vain. And she took up the dress coat.

But while Alice was hunting for the key, the General had risen upon his elbow, and unseen by her, was watching her motions with a keen and nice love!

Alice searched all the pockets of the dress coat, and it was not there. Then she raised the vest, and in the pocket found the key. She seized it eagerly, and was about to fly off with it, when a heavy blow fell heavy to the floor! The key dropped from her hand. General Garnet stooped and repossessed himself of it, and looking at her with a laughing devil in his eye, said,

"Oh! was that you? Excuse me, madam! I beg ten thousand pardons! I was asking you gallantly, and seeing a hand in my pocket, I naturally enough supposed it to be that of a thief! It's heaven's mercy that I had not shot you by mistake, my dear?"

But seeing that she did not move, he leaned farther over the side of the bed, and perceived, that in falling, the back of her head had struck the corner of the dressing-table, and that she was stunned by the concussion—stunned, or dead! he did not know which. He jumped to the floor and raised her. Her head and limbs fell helplessly over his arms! He laid her on the bed, ran his fingers through the golden tresses of her hair, but found no fracture—there might be a concussion of the brain, but there was no outward sign.

He started to the bell to ring it, but before he got there, changed his mind and returned—looked at the door. Went to the door, and hearing a couple of linen handkerchiefs, tore them in strips, and took a kerchief from his case—all planters keep such things for the exigencies of the plantation.) He then went to the bedside, raised the head of Alice's dress, and bound up the arm, opened a vein. As the blood began to flow from over her shoulder, her father, she opened her eyes, and looked at him. He then bound up her arm, and telling her that he hoped she slept sweetly, and that her daughter was sleeping well still again, left her, and proceeded to dress himself.

Alice attempted to rise, but her head grew dizzy, her eyes dim, and she sank back at the same moment that the bell rang for the maid, and not venture to leave her bed that day. He dressed and left the chamber.

That morning General Garnet breakfasted alone. After breakfast he paid a visit to Elsie, found her still in bed, and less of deep, had a fire made in the room, a cot-bed and bedding removed there, and then some comfortable clothing and food. Then he left Elsie, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, forbid all the house servants from going up to the attic story, under pain of the most severe and painful penalties, and left the house for the day. Then Milly—not Aunt Milly! the girl was the bad waited on Alice's mother—and was now Alice's own maid—Milly pottered out a cup of coffee, and, with a basket of food and that she gave on Thursday, as had been first proposed. And of his purpose to depart on the following Monday, for his home, among the new settlements in the mountainous woods of Maryland. He left her further, that he had called the day before to see her and Elsie, but that he had been requested by her mother to leave the house, and to obey the latter's commands as their warrant. He had heard, he said, that Elsie had been sent to the attic, but supposed that this was not so. He concluded by entreating Alice to write and inform him of her own and Elsie's state of health and spirits, and subscribed himself,

"Your affectionate brother,

"ALEXANDER GARNET."

She sealed this note, dispatched it, and then dropped her head into her hands, pressed it tightly, as though to chain thought to its object, and, overcome by the presence of writing-desk nearer to her, took her pen, and wrote these hurried lines to Elsie—

"While a very few hours from this, my own dear Elsie, you will be released and married. And now let me tell you my own dear child, my reasons for advising and assisting you in this step. It is not only, my Elsie, that your heart is engaged to Edwin Magnus, that your happiness has long been pledged to him with the approbation of both your parents, that your happiness is concerned in being united to him; that your heart is implicated in keeping faith with him—it is not, rather, that it would be a business offered him! Oh, my dear Alice, if you only knew how much that sentence forsakes him, and in what a horrible adversity it is not to be said than very describes of yours would shake his soul! Oh, my child, you would not desert him at such, judge his energies and enterprises, and ruin him, and his fortune, and his children! And on the other hand, it is not that you do not love Edwin, for I know that he looks for your hand. Magnus is entirely the better man of the two—his character is more manly, more noble, more—in a word, religiously! Magnus is healthful, strong, handsome, beautiful! highly intellectual, greatly moral, profoundly religious! And he loves you passionately! Edwin has been born in constitution, evidently by excess, indulgence, voluptuous, yet irritable, and effeminate! His interest in you is a low compound of vanity, cupidity, and more! It would be false and prudent to call it by the sacred name of love! Edwin Magnus will break your heart, happier in loving you greatly, in elevating your character, in ennobling your nature, than he will degrade you down to the misery and degradation of his own low instincts. My child! my child! it is for this consideration that I bar you from Edwin, and not from any unworthy motive! I put to the stern but kindly discipline of poverty, toil and privations—with love by your side, to lighten all your labors, and God above you, to reward them. May God love you, my only child! my little Elsie!"

No tear drop blotted this paper, though her tears had fallen thick and fast, and relentlessly while she wrote it! She had turned her head away, for no sign of sorrow should wound and weaken Elsie in the letter written to comfort and sustain her. She had turned her head away, and the tears had rained upon her lap. Her resolutions she had striven from her writing-desk, and fallen, overcome with grief, upon the bed. But it was done! She had succeeded! And those tears she had striven from the paper or from the letter! She sealed and addressed it, and then, with many doubts and misgivings, left it where it was written!

Trying to steer as blamelessly as she could through the shoals of this trial, she had sent for all one of the servants, all of whom had been expressly forbidden to approach the attic, but to wait on the paper herself, and feebly up the stairs, and supporting herself by the balustrades, she reached the door, knocked, and then took the door of Elsie's room.

"You are there, dear mother! I know your knocking so well, though it is weaker than usual. And I'll did not know your footsteps, I should know your step. Dear mother, do not grieve for me—I am happy—severely so it spoken—as Peter says in Scripture.

"My darling Elsie, how is something I have written for you—I will push it under the bottom of the door. Take it, darling. Read it. Try to compose your mind, and be ready for me very soon. I must go now, dear, but when you begin to read that, you will find that I have a great deal to prepare. Good-bye for an hour, my dear."

After this went down, entered her chamber, and rang for Milly. Then Alice went to her drawers and cabinets, and got together all the jewelry that she possessed to the amount of several thousand dollars, and all Elsie's, that mentioned were several thousand more, and placed them in one strong casket. Then she searched her purse and pocket-book, and took out all the money she had in possession, a few hundred dollars, and put it in a strong packet. Then she sent Milly into Elsie's vacant chamber, and had all her clothing collected and packed into two large, strong traveling trunks. Next, she sent for a man servant to come, and back and strap them down before her door. Lastly, she ordered the key of Elsie's door, and, that to procure assistance, take the trunks down, put them into a cart, carry them over to Hottentown, and leave them at Mr. Figg's, with a request from her that he would keep them until they were called for. When Alice had done this, she sent away the man servant with his master's commands as their warrant. He had heard, he said, that Miss Elsie was not well, and he hoped and trusted that this was not so. He concluded by entreating Alice to write and inform him of her own and Elsie's state of health and spirits, and subscribed himself,

"Your affectionate brother,

"ALEXANDER GARNET."

Alice folded the letter, clasped her hands, and closed her eyes a moment in intense prayer, then, with a firm, bold hand, directed her letter writing-table before her, she took pen and paper, and wrote the following short but important note—

"DEAR MAGNUS—As soon as you see this, go to a locksmith, and send him instantly to Pelter Place. Then get a carriage, and you yourself, call at Mr. Figg's, to take up the young Methodist minister who boarded there, and come to Mount Comfort. When you return, Elsie will be your accepted wife.

"Your friend, ALICE GARNET.

She sealed this note, dispatched it, and then dropped her head into her hands, pressed it tightly, as though to chain thought to its object, and, overcome by the presence of writing-desk nearer to her, took her pen, and wrote these hurried lines to Elsie—

"While a very few hours from this, my own dear Elsie, you will be released and married. And now let me tell you my own dear child, my reasons for advising and assisting you in this step. It is not only, my Elsie, that your heart is engaged to Edwin Magnus, that your happiness has long been pledged to him with the approbation of both your parents, that your happiness is concerned in being united to him; that your heart is implicated in keeping faith with him—it is not, rather, that it would be a business offered him! Oh, my dear Alice, if you only knew how much that sentence forsakes him, and in what a horrible adversity it is not to be said than very describes of yours would shake his soul! Oh, my child, you would not desert him at such, judge his energies and enterprises, and ruin him, and his fortune, and his children! And on the other hand, it is not that you do not love Edwin, for I know that he looks for your hand. Magnus is entirely the better man of the two—his character is more manly, more noble, more—in a word, religiously! Magnus is healthful, strong, handsome, beautiful! highly intellectual, greatly moral, profoundly religious! And he loves you passionately! Edwin has been born in constitution, evidently by excess, indulgence, voluptuous, yet irritable, and effeminate! His interest in you is a low compound of vanity, cupidity, and more! It would be false and prudent to call it by the sacred name of love! Edwin Magnus will break your heart, happier in loving you greatly, in elevating your character, in ennobling your nature, than he will degrade you down to the misery and degradation of his own low instincts. My child! my child! it is for this consideration that I bar you from Edwin, and not from any unworthy motive! I put to the stern but kindly discipline of poverty, toil and privations—with love by your side, to lighten all your labors, and God above you, to reward them. May God love you, my only child! my little Elsie!"

No tear drop blotted this paper, though her tears had fallen thick and fast, and relentlessly while she wrote it! She had turned her head away, for no sign of sorrow should wound and weaken Elsie in the letter written to comfort and sustain her. She had turned her head away, and the tears had rained upon her lap. Her resolutions she had striven from her writing-desk, and fallen, overcome with grief, upon the bed. But it was done! She had succeeded! And those tears she had striven from the paper or from the letter! She sealed and addressed it, and then, with many doubts and misgivings, left it where it was written!

Trying to steer as blamelessly as she could through the shoals of this trial, she had sent for all one of the servants, all of whom had been expressly forbidden to approach the attic, but to wait on the paper herself, and feebly up the stairs, and supporting herself by the balustrades, she reached the door, knocked, and then took the door of Elsie's room.

"You are there, dear mother! I know your knocking so well, though it is weaker than usual. And if I did not know your footsteps, I should know your step. Dear mother, do not grieve for me—I am happy—severely so it spoken—as Peter says in Scripture.

"My darling Elsie, how is something I have written for you—I will push it under the bottom of the door. Take it, darling. Read it. Try to compose your mind, and be ready for me very soon. I must go now, dear, but when you begin to read that, you will find that I have a great deal to prepare. Good-bye for an hour, my dear."

After this went down, entered her chamber, and rang for Milly. Then Alice went to her drawers and cabinets, and got together all the jewelry that she possessed to the amount of several thousand dollars, and all Elsie's, that mentioned were several thousand more, and placed them in one strong casket. Then she searched her purse and pocket-book, and took out all the money she had in possession, a few hundred dollars, and put it in a strong packet. Then she sent Milly into Elsie's vacant chamber, and had all her clothing collected and packed into two large, strong traveling trunks. Next, she sent for a man servant to come, and back and strap them down before her door. Lastly, she ordered the key of Elsie's door, and, that to procure assistance, take the trunks down, put them into a cart, carry them over to Hottentown, and leave them at Mr. Figg's, with a request from her that he would keep them until they were called for. When Alice had done this, she sent away the man servant with his master's commands as their warrant. He had heard, he said, that Miss Elsie was not well, and he hoped and trusted that this was not so. He concluded by entreating Alice to write and inform him of her own and Elsie's state of health and spirits, and subscribe him to proceed.

Alice folded the letter, clasped her hands, and closed her eyes a moment in intense prayer, then, with a firm, bold hand, directed her

# Original Lectures.

## MR. LORD'S LECTURES ON THE HEROES OF THE REFORMATION.

### LECTURE II.—CONTINUED.

### JOHN CALVIN, AND PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Calvin was deeply imbued with the spirit of those saints of the middle ages, and his grand doctrine of divine sovereignty was the very soul of Catholic theology. It was not the result of a technical logic, and did not proceed from the development of scholastic formulæ. It was the great object of his existence; it was his life—his food and his drink. It was to him what religious liberty was to the Puritans, what power was to Napoleon, what philanthropy was to Howard, what patriotism was to Washington.—It was the grand element of his existence, the centre and the end of all his hopes and energies. He was a Theologian, in the true and full sense of the word, and he communicated his spirit and enthusiasm to the more lofty of his disciples.—The Puritans fought against the corruptions of Popacy, because they detracted from the majesty of God. They put in their Westminster Catechism that the chief end of man was—not the promotion of civilization, or the elevation of his species, but—to praise and glorify God. They believed in the necessity for the diffusion of His spirit in order to save the world, rather than in any splendid organization to effect that end; that all things were possible with God, and that men were weak, unstable, uncertain, and unreliable. All that man has done is vanity and vexation, going to prove alike his impotence and his degeneracy. To Calvin, as to the Puritans, a personal God was a reality, as well also as a personal devil. His God was the Being who conferred with Moses on Sinai, and directed with His voice the prophets of old; and to him and to them, this God was everything. He was not the God as revealed merely in the *New Testament*, He was not the God of Nature only, nor yet the transcendental God of the Pantheists, subsisting everywhere and nowhere, but the Eternal God, whom Moses and the *Prophets* knew, and who, by special, as well as general providences, directs the destinies of man. They

...flourishes of popular declamation. If we do not love him, and cannot comprehend him, let us at least suppress malicious views and ignorant disdain! Cease to detract from a man who so profoundly extorted the admiration of his own age, and who so powerfully impressed his principles on the minds of some of the most exalted characters that succeeding generations have produced, and of whom all future generations shall be proud.


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

**HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.**

**PHILADELPHIA:**

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1851.


ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

## TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 4 Copies, | - - - | $5 00 Per Annum. |
| 8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) | $10 00 | " |
| 13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) | $15 00 | " |
| 20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) | $20 00 | " |

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first-class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

## THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER.

The chapters of this novelet in our last and present paper, are full of power and interest.—They fully maintain Mrs. Southworth's high reputation.

## ARRIVAL OF KOSSUTH.

The U. S. Mail Steamship Humboldt arrived at New York at one o'clock on the morning of the 5th, bringing the illustrious Governor Kossuth, his wife and children, and suite. The Humboldt had a very rough passage. As she came up the bay a salute of 21 guns was fired, and the inhabitants of Staten Island, roused from their slumbers, crowded to the shore to welcome their distinguished guest. Dr. Doane, the health officer, immediately boarded the Steamship, and welcomed Kossuth in a short speech, presenting him at the same time with a letter from the Mayor of New York, requesting him to remain a few hours at Dr. Doane's residence, till the citizens of New York had time to prepare for his reception.

Kossuth in his reply said:

...times too long; and took ground in favor of armed intervention in European affairs to enforce non-intervention. Even if this ground be the right policy for the country hereafter to adopt, we have not yet adopted it; and neither Mr. Locke, nor any other man, is authorised to pledge the Government, or the young men of America, to any such doctrine.

Our orators, in their addresses to Kossuth, should be careful what they say in this particular. Kossuth himself, as we have stated, was evidently surprised at the freedom with which Major Hagadorn made such large promises of support and assistance. He probably was somewhat impressed by the Major's military position, forgetful that military titles in this country are as plenty as blackberries, and as little regarded.

Mr. Locke, as well as Major Hagadorn, attempted to confound the old American doctrine of non-intervention with Kossuth's great doctrine. Mr. Locke said:

> But with pre-eminent earnestness of conviction and approval, do we adopt your sublime doctrines of international policy and moral obligation. *They are the doctrines of our immortal Washington, and the established policy of our country.* You declare that every nation has an indefeasible right to establish or change its own government without the interference of another; and that *such an interference is an aggression against the common rights of all nations, which all are equally bound to resist.*

Now, every American knows that Washington's idea of non-intervention did not and does not sanction hostile interposition to prevent the aggressions of a large State upon a weak one. His doctrine—the old American doctrine—is that of absolute non-intervention with European affairs. And this country should consider the subject deeply and soberly and seriously, before it abandons a policy which has carried us so successfully and peacefully through the past.

We yield to no man in admiration of Kossuth; and we are quite willing he should employ all his wonderful eloquence to induce us to adopt non-intervention in the sense in which he understands it—we like him all the better for doing so—but we must not be carried away as in a tempest by his persuasive and fascinating oratory. He looks at the subject as a Hungarian—and rightfully;—but we are to look at it as Americans. We are to determine it in view of our geographical position; our past history; our belief in the great influence of a successful Republican example; our faith in Peace; our prosperity, and practical and increasing Republicanism, the great consequences of a long-continued Peace. We are to change our policy, if at all, as the result of deep reflection and deliberate judgment—not as the sudden effect of a gush of noble sympathy with the oppressed, or a gust of honorable indignation at the oppressor.

One thing it may be well to mention—though we have always considered it magnified out of its due importance. Kossuth explained in his reply to Mr. Locke, that he had not the slightest intention of nominating Mr. Robert J. Walker for the Presidency, or interfering at all with the domestic concerns of the United States, in his speech at Southampton. He but repeated the words used by the American official who introduced Mr. Walker to him. This is precisely what we inferred when we read the speech; and we wondered at certain of our contemporaries for attempting to make a mountain out of such a very small mole-hill.

The sixth—last Saturday—was the day appointed for Kossuth's reception in New York. We shall not attempt to give a detailed account of the scene. It outdid all that our excitable brethren of Gotham ever effected in the way of mad enthusiasm, gorgeous display, wild disorder, and unequalled "noise and confusion."

On the passage of the great Magyar from Staten Island up to the city, the shipping displayed their flags, Fort Columbus and the national vessels belched forth their thunder, and the people who lined the shores gave vent to their enthusiasm in loud cheering. Such was the crowd and rush when Kossuth landed at Castle Garden, that, after making several attempts to speak, he gave it up in despair. His Secretary afterwards wrote out his intended reply to the Mayor, from his notes, and gave it to the press.

The scene in the streets was magnificent as the Procession filed along. It is on all hands agreed to have been the most splendid and enthusiastic demonstration ever witnessed in New York. Witness one scene:

> When the procession reached the American Museum, the scene was in the highest degree imposing and magnificent. Never before was its equal witnessed in this city. It will be long remembered by those who had the delight of witnessing it. On reaching that point, the open space of the Park burst upon the view. In

## JUDGE BOUVIER.

Died, in Philadelphia, on the 18th ultimo, JOHN BOUVIER, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

As the author of two works which have received high encomiums from eminent members of the legal profession, as well as for his untarnished integrity and many private virtues, we think the following brief biography of the late Judge Bouvier, (prepared for us by a near relative,) well worthy a place in our columns. To our Philadelphia and Pennsylvania readers especially, it will prove interesting:

### BIOGRAPHY OF JUDGE BOUVIER.

John Bouvier was born in Codognan, in the Department of Gard, formerly a part of the ancient province of Languedoc, and distant about three leagues from the city of Nismes, in France. He was the son of John Bouvier, and Mary, his wife, whose maiden name was Benezet. Anthony Benezet, who resided in Philadelphia in the last century, and who was an ornament to the age in which he lived, and a blessing to humanity, was a descendant of the same family.

The father of John Bouvier, a respectable man, who had made a considerable fortune, besides what he inherited from his father and uncle, John Bouvier, (for whom the late John Bouvier was named,) was one of the principal personages in his native town. He was universally beloved, and his memory is still cherished by those who are now living there, as having been a just and good man. He held some important stations in his native country. Trusting too much in the faith of the First Republic of France, and being a thorough Republican himself, he lost nearly all his fortune by trusting to the National Paper Money, called assignats, and also by the failure of a number of merchants, who, in that stormy period, could not stand against the tempest. This circumstance, and the fact that he was a great admirer of Quaker principles, induced him to turn his eye towards America, where he thought his children could be better educated as Friends. In this he was seconded by his wife, a woman of exemplary conduct, in a moral and religious point of view, and who is still remembered in this city as having possessed uncommon energy of character, and a kind and benevolent heart. This intention of removal was strengthened by his acquaintance with William Savery, George Sands, Benjamin Johnson, Richard Jordan, Joseph Sansom and others, who had gone from America, to visit Friends in France.

On the 10th of August, 1802, John Bouvier, the elder, his wife, his son John, and another son, set sail from Bordeaux for Philadelphia, in the brig Liberty, Captain Shurston, and after a tedious voyage, of 60 days, they landed at Philadelphia. At this time neither of them spoke a word of English. They made out to find a French boarding-house, in Little Dock Street, where they breakfasted. They had letters of introduction to Doctor Griffith, who was then a prominent member of the Society of Friends.—On inquiry, they found out his residence, No. 62 South Front Street, and also learned that he spoke French. Immediately after breakfast

## THE POSTAGE SYSTEM.

## THE PHILHARMONIC.

## LOLA MONTEZ.

## ASHES: SIGNIFYING DESOLATION.

## COMPOSURE AND COOLNESS.

## THE MORMONS.

## HUNGARY.

## CATHERINE HAYES.

## GOOD.

## AN EXPLANATION WANTED.

# New Publications.

A HISTORY OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE. By R. W. BROWNE, M. A., Professor of Classical Literature in King's College, London. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

The present volume is devoted to the literature of Greece. The author's object has been to collect within a moderate compass such facts and observations as might be interesting to the general reader, but which are now scattered over a wide surface, and cannot be brought together without pains and trouble.

Looking at random through the work, we see it stated that the character of Sappho has been maligned, and her motives misinterpreted. There is no evidence for believing that she was not as moral as other women of her age. The whole romantic story of Sappho's love for Phaon, and her leap, in the despair of disappointed love, from the Leucadian promontory, is legendary and fabulous. Sappho married an Andrian, named Cercolas, by whom she had one daughter. From an epithet which she applies to herself, it is evident she lived beyond the prime of life. So there is a good story spoiled.

THE IMPERIAL GUARD OF NAPOLEON. *From Marengo to Waterloo.* By J. T. HEADLEY, author of "Napoleon and his Marshals." New York: Chas. Scribner, 145 Nassau St.

Mr. Headley is an ardent admirer and a very ingenious defender of Napoleon, as the reading public well know. The present work is written in his usual brilliant and impressive style, and will be sure to find readers, notwithstanding the multitude of books on the same subject, for it is not easy to exhaust the fascination of Napoleon's character, which gives an interest to every act of his life, and to all who shared his fortunes. A portrait of Bessières, Commander of the Old Guard, and numerous engravings of battle-fields and other subjects, illustrate the work.

THE LADIES' WREATH.

The December No. of this Magazine is embellished with a picture of Jephthah's daughter coming forth to meet her father, and a colored flower-piece. The literary matter would compare favorably with some of the larger magazines. The contributors are Rev. S. D. Burchard, D. D., T. S. Arthur, Helen Irving, Evelina Morris, Celia, Paul Creyton, and others.

THE PRACTICAL METAL WORKER'S ASSISTANT. By OLIVER BYRNE, author of "The Practical Model Calculator," editor of "The Dictionary of Machines, Engine-Work, and Engineering," &c., &c. Phila.: Henry Carey Baird.

This work illustrates the art of working all metals and alloys, forging of iron and steel, &c., &c.; with the application of the art of electro-metallurgy to manufacturing purposes, &c., &c.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

The number for December contains "The Boston Tea Party," "The American Arctic Expedition," "Napoleon Bonaparte," "Kossuth, &c., &c. The first three articles are illustrated with wood engravings.

BUCHANAN'S JOURNAL OF MAN.

This periodical, for October, contains interesting articles upon Phrenology, Clairvoyance, Modern Superstition, and other subjects, with a a letter from Miss Bremer, and the editor's reply.

BIZARRE.

This is the name of a new serial, conducted by Mr. J. M. Church. The first number contains a number of entertaining facts and anecdotes. Published by A. Winch, Philadelphia.

ARVINE'S CYCLOPEDIA.

We have received from W. B. Zieber, No. 4 of Arvine's Cyclopedia of Anecdotes. When completed it will make a valuable book.

# Clippings.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us—
He made and loveth all." *Coleridge.*

☞ Could it have been believed, five years ago, when the furore for "repeal" was at its height, that Conciliation Hall, in Dublin, would ever sink into a stupendous *gin palace?* Such, however, is its present use.

☞ The *Austrian Lloyd's* says that General Haynau is about to sell the large estates purchased in Hungary, on account of the difficulty of finding laborers to cultivate them.

☞ A cat has nine lives. That was particularly the case with the cat of nine tails that used to scratch the backs of American seamen. Its nine lives are all run out at last, however.

☞ A country editor asserts (of course without fear of contradiction) that the principles of his party "are as *progressive* as the eternal Rock of Gibraltar."

☞ Knowledge is not mental power. The mind is not formed in schools, but in free, social action with affairs, interests, and temptation, which call forth the exercise of judgment, prudence, reflection, moral restraint, and right principle.

☞ A few cakes of the newly-invented *solidified milk* have found their way to this country. The article resembles, in color, consistency, weight and *feel*, cakes of pale yellow soap. One pound, grated into boiling water, will make several gallons of very good milk. It is warranted to keep any number of years. Price, in England, one dollar per pound. It is not yet, we believe, for sale here. A friend, however, whom curiosity led to import a small quantity, has tried it, and assures us that it *is* all that it claims to be—"a real blessing to mothers" and mariners.—*Home Journal.*

☞ A butcher, who had been employed by a miserly sort of a fellow to cut up a hog for him, cut off the tail and threw it away. "What did you do that for?" cried the old fellow, testily; "that makes just as good pig's feet and ears as any on 'em."

☞ Insanity is stated to be very prevalent in California, which is not surprising, since most of the inhabitants of that marvellous State started thither under the influence of a mania resulting from the California fever.

☞ Usefulness is confined to no station, and it is astonishing how much good may be done, and what may be effected by limited means, united with benevolence of heart and activity of mind.

☞ Two Parisian young ladies were lately arrested in the famous cemetery of Pere la Chaise, for quarrelling over the grave of a young student just buried. Each thought herself alone entitled to deck his sod with "eternals" and other flowers. After a few days of pulling off and supplanting each other's tributes, they met

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1851.



## SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.


## NEXT YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

Our present design is to commence Mrs. Lee Hentz's original novelet of

**EOLINE; OR, MAGNOLIA VALE,**

about the commencement of the new year. If Mrs. Southworth's story be not concluded, we shall probably publish them together in literary companionship, for several weeks. It seems almost a necessity to commence a new story about the commencement of the year.

When Mrs. Lee Hentz's story is concluded, we design laying before our readers

**VIOLA; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.**

**BY EMERSON BENNETT.**

Viola will be a companion novelet to Mr. Bennett's very popular "Prairie Flower," though the interest will be separate and distinct.

Then will come the time for Mr. T. S. Arthur's original novelet—written expressly for the Post—

**TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,**

which will be distinguished by the peculiar characteristics of that gentleman's pen.

After all these are gone through, we shall be mistaken if our readers are not again ready for a new work by Mrs. Southworth, entitled

**THE CURSE OF CLIFTON;**

**A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.**

What will come in the way of fiction after the above, we have not yet determined. We think the four novelets mentioned a sufficiently rich bill of fare to commence proceedings upon.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the CHOICEST ARTICLES that appear in the ENGLISH PERIODICALS, together with the CREAM OF NEW WORKS, ORIGINAL LECTURES, GENERAL NEWS, &c., &c.,—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

And in view of our efforts for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, may we not expect a continuance of the good feeling and friendly interest heretofore shown in our behalf, and expressed not only by words, but in efforts to extend the circulation of the Post. Our terms are very moderate—as moderate in fact as a first class paper can be maintained upon.—We might, we grant, take our inside matter at second-hand, and half-price, from some daily paper; or procure our stories for nothing, from unknown, namby-pamby writers with sentimental names, instead of enlisting such writers as Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Lee Hentz, Mr. Arthur, Mr. Bennett, &c., &c.; but we are thankful we are not compelled to pursue such a suicidal course. Our plan is to pay liberally, and make a first class paper, knowing that the public fully understand that a poor paper is not worth the sheet it is printed upon, and is therefore dear at any price.

## From Washington.

### CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

#### SENATE.

On the 2nd, Mr Foote gave notice that he should offer a resolution, declaring the measures of adjustment of the last Congress to be a definite settlement of the question growing out of the system of domestic slavery.

On the 3rd, Mr Stockton, of New Jersey, appeared, and was sworn.

Mr Atchison introduced a bill granting lands to the [illegible]

...would be far more popular with certain persons, if he came here to aid them by his influence and popularity in the promotion of their sinister ends and designs on the peace of the country.

Mr Hale defended his amendment, and denied the right of any one to inquire into his motives in offering it. Its language was clear and evident, and bore its own meaning. His amendment contained an assurance to Kossuth which was not inconsistent with nor repugnant to the sentiments of the people of the United States. It assured him that we sympathise with the victims of oppression everywhere. The man who finds fault with that expression or sentiment must have but a poor idea of humanity. It also says that we earnestly desire the day when the rights of man will be universally respected. Who can find fault with that? The amendment itself is right and proper, but the motive in presenting it is questioned. He denied the right of the Senator from Mississippi (Mr Foote) to question his motives, or to go beyond the face of the paper he had presented. He expressed the highest regard for Kossuth, and he wanted him to come here and in person be a living rebuke to oppression and tyranny. He wanted him to come here and go abroad among the people, and let those who are guilty of oppression at home look upon the lineaments of Hungary's wrongs. The sympathy uttered at Washington had penetrated the Austrian dungeons; so also he wanted our language to reach the oppressed wherever they might be. He wanted it to reach O'Brien, Mitchell, and all other victims of tyranny. These were his motives in offering the amendment and none others.

Mr Foote—There are some gentlemen whose principles and public course are well known; some public speakers who discuss certain topics always in a certain way, so that all who hear or read their speeches fail not to understand them in a peculiar manner. There was no man [he continued,] who could have the least difficulty in coming to what the Senator [Mr. Hale] meant by his amendment. Victims of oppression! He has heard the Senator use those words one thousand times, and they had always been used by him in expressing his great sympathy for a certain class of colored population. The Senator could not deny that this was the true meaning of the amendment. He was sorry the Senator had the effrontery—he would not, out of regard for the rules, use a harsher expression; but he was sorry to hear him say he had no other motives in offering the amendment.

In offering this resolution, so imperatively required by public sentiment, he had thought a simple expression of esteem for the patriot all that was necessary. But the Senator comes with his amendment, and desires to add to it a declaration that the Senate and House expresses their deep sympathy for a certain class of colored persons in the Southern States. Can the Senator deny this to have been his motive and purpose? Can he deny that he intended to express by these words, sympathy for the colored people in the Southern States? Can he deny it without great confusion of countenance?

Mr Cass said he would have been glad if the resolution had met with no opposition. It would lose both at home and abroad, half its merit, if not passed unanimously. There was going on now, an upheaving of the old governments of Europe. Nation after nation was rising to throw off the yoke of the tyrant, and nation after nation was being put down by the union of despotic powers. Every lover of liberty, particularly in this country, must sympathise with these people.

Kossuth needed no eulogy from him. He had gone through the fiery ordeal of a revolution, and had come out unscathed. He had been unfortunate, but his love of liberty had not been diminished. We have invited him here; [illegible]

[illegible]

## General News.

## Foreign Items.

## Travelling Agents.

## The Markets.

### PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

### THE STOCK MARKET.

### CATTLE MARKETS.

### NEW YORK MARKETS.

## Bank Note List.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

### ALMANAC.

### STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

## Marriages.

## Deaths.


# SHEPHERD'S CLOTH[ING]

CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR A[BOVE]...

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness ... Low Prices of

## GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

| | |
|---|---|
| COATS, | $5 00 to $16 |
| VESTS, | 2 00 " 6 |
| PANTALOONS, | 2 50 " 8 |

## WE STUDY TO PLEASE.

**A RARE CHANCE.**

"POMONA FARM" FOR SALE—consisting of 120 acres of excellent land, including a young ORCHARD OF FIFTY ACRES, containing over FIVE THOUSAND TREES, of the choicest kinds of APPLE and PEACH, selected with especial reference to market purposes—the apples mostly of the longest keeping varieties, designed for the Southern markets. The peach trees are planted alternately between the apple, so as to be removed by the time the latter will need all the ground. About half of the trees have been planted two years, the rest one year, and a thousand or more of the peach may be expected to bear fruit the coming season. In a very few years, it is believed, one good crop of fruit from this Orchard will be worth sufficient to pay for the entire purchase of the farm.

Pomona Farm is situated near the village of West Jefferson, 14 miles West of Columbus, O., ...

**NEW, BEAUTIFUL, AND UNIQUE.**

HOLIDAY GIFT BOOKS—PUBLISHED BY J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall, Corner of Beekman Street, New York.

EPISODES OF INSECT LIFE.

BY ACHETA DOMESTICA.

## BUFFALO ROBES. FURS OF ALL KINDS.

GREAT REDUCTION OF PRICE.

THE DISPLAY OF FURS AT OAKFORD'S, 104 CHESNUT ST., Philadelphia.

### GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, FOR JANUARY 1852.

## SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY, 1852.

### THE EMBELLISHMENTS

cannot be surpassed, and are 24 in number, viz

*The Morning Bath.* A Mezzotint on Steel, by J. Sartain after a picture painted by C. Begas, in the possession of Elizabeth, Queen of Prussia.

*Vignette Title Pages.* Allegorical Design. Drawn and Engraved on Steel, by J. Sartain.

*Laila.* A Line and Stipple Engraving on Steel, by Inman and Sons, after the original by Lebrasseur.

*The Painter in the Woods,* after a Picture by T. Creswick.

*The Chase in the Olden Time,* after a Water Color Picture by Dodgson.

*A Hawking Party,* from a design by Gilbert.

*Love and Glory,* after a design by Gilbert.

*Portrait of Peter F. Rothermel,* from Daguerreotype by Root.

*Denizens of the Forest.*

*Pictorial Enigma.*

*Rebus Illustration of Proverbial Philosophy.*

*Music the Food of Love.*

*Private Rehearsal.*

*Politeness in the Eighteenth Century.*

*Note of Interrogation.*

*Politeness in the Nineteenth Century.*

*Design for Cottage in the Italian Style.* By T. Wadskier, Architect.

*Ground Plan, and Plan of Upper Story.*

*Three Groups of six Fashion Figures.*

*Patterns for Needlework.*

AS A CHRISTMAS OR NEW YEAR'S GIFT NOTHING CAN BE MORE APPROPRIATE.

Single copies of this magnificent number only ... or five copies for One Dollar. It can be done up in wrappers and sent by mail without injury to the engravings.

**TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.**

One copy, one year, $3. Two copies, one year, $5. Five copies, one year, $10. Ten copies, one year, $20, and an extra copy to the person sending a Club of Ten.

☞ Small Notes of the different States received at par. Club Subscriptions sent to the different Post Offices. Address,

**JOHN SARTAIN & Co., Phila.**

☞ Post Masters and others forming Clubs will oblige the Proprietors by sending their orders early, and thereby secure good impressions. dec13-3t

**75,000 OSAGE ORANGE PLANTS,** one year's growth, suitable for setting in hedge rows. Price $8 per 1,000. No charge for packing or cartage, if 2,000 or more are taken. Full directions for planting and training hedges will be furnished to purchasers, and may be found in the "Ohio Cultivator," published semi-monthly, $1 per year.

M. B. BATEHAM,

dec13-2t Ed. O. Cultivator, Columbus.

## PENNSYLV'NIA RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT,

BETWEEN

PHILADELPHIA AND PITTSBURG.

## TIME REDUCED TO 24 HOURS.

On and after the 1st of DECEMBER, next, Passengers will be carried by the PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY, between PHILADELPHIA and PITTSBURG in

## 24 HOURS,

with only 28 MILES of Staging, over an excellent Turnpike. FARE $11 00.

This is the **SHORTEST AND BEST** route between the Great West and the Atlantic Cities, and the ACCOMMODATIONS are in all respects of the highest character.

THOS. MOORE, Agent,

nov15-6m PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD Co.

☞ BEAUTIFUL GIFT BOOKS FOR 1852. ☜

TO PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT

**$500** TO $2,000 A YEAR! To Ministers, Cooperators, Travelling Agents and others, who desire to Circulate Good Books, at the same time realizing Fair Profits.

☞ BOOK AGENTS WANTED—To circulate the PICTORIAL HISTORY of INDIA and CHINA; THRILLING INCIDENTS of the WARS of the UNITED STATES, and other truly valuable and illustrated works. Address, post paid,

ROBERT SEARS,

181 William street, New York city.

☞ Newspapers throughout the United States, copying the above advertisement, and giving it one or more insertions, shall receive (prepaid) a copy of our "VIEW OF NEW YORK IN 1852." Publishers will please direct their papers to "Sears' Family Visitor," N. Y. oct25-3m

## ...ty.

## ...DUTY—THE ...'S WREATH.

BY FRANCIS D. GAGE.

Do my eyes or my mind play me false?
And am I awake or in a trance?
Or heard words can pass my brow,
My strength or gift to man?
For the children I love with a mother's pride,
Will soon have their duty done;
Their lessons all off, and their strings uncut,
If I don't mind what I'm about.

I'll cut my pen in the inkstand new,
For the snow-flakes are falling around,
And the feathers I have will soon be gone,
All the tops are in the ground—
My reason I've given to them four, or five,
Will relate in the form to follow;
To hint my hope, and to bright bouquet
Shall be found on the edge of my letter.

The laurel-wreath is not for me,
Nor for me the poet's crown;
For what I am writing are rhymes, you see,
My head is often done brown;
And while I'm at it, I'll confess to truth,
The dunce behind-hand will get;
And my office-seeker will never receive
My support in my candidature;
And I prefer cashes to a fee.

Oh! if we could live upon rhyme and song,
What a happy world we would be;
No jingling hall or discomfort gong
To smother in harmony,
It would be a reward of genius and down,
Of sweet singing birds and flowers,
Of upspringing buds and showers,
Roaming mother and sunshiny hours.

But, who would empty such a life of delight,
Such a happy life for one after all?
Or who would not hurry from morning till night,
Will an ismal or horse at all?
No! a life of labor and earnest care,
Is the right of sense or to fill.
And He restored His sense-built here and there,
To make it more beautiful still.

I will not say pen in my inkstand now,
And what my task will be;
With cheerful heart and a cheerless brow,
My spirit will not be free.
Lady's cause and his pleasure," to me are my
To—

If there are but lady and true,
And when I myself am found,
I'll scribble a rhyme, love, for you

I'll not say pen in my inkstand now,
And many as my task will be;
For the poet's crown may not press my brow,
For the laurel-wreath for me.
But the only wreath I will strive to wear,
In a wreath of fadeless beauty,
All blushing with the sweetest rich and rare—
The flowers of Love and Duty.

*November, 1851.*

## Selected Articles.

### HYPOCRISY IN THE CHURCH.

[The following extract, from "Musings and Meditations of a Country Sick," published by *John* H. Taylor, contains, we fear, far too much truth.]

The blessed sun is out again, at last. We have had a dreadful storm—and no buck nearer the Kingdom of Heaven than before—my own flesh, no doubt. I was disappointed, somewhat, myself to-day, at the atmosphere was oppressive, the music poor, the sermon heavy as lead—I had much better staid at home. Brother Jeremy Taylor—still, I was several right: I had no business to go, from such motives. And yet, was it altogether my fault?—I think the minister himself was quite as much to blame—at least, he seemed to be thinking of himself for home than of his Maker—to be more anxious about parading his gracious form than about exhibiting the truth. *Could* a man, really in earnest about the salvation of his own soul, and those of his flock, have read the hymn that I was compelled to sing, theatrical style? could he have put up such a petition to the Throne of Grace, so studded with polysyllables and antithesis? What was the use of that long string of similitudes, drawled out in that affected way? Is it to ignite all those historical details? what business had they in a prayer? why what painfully elaborated climax, towards the close? why all that display of the value of the word Amen! Why, too, spread a good half hour, piling up the agony in such a way, exaggerating at once its load and bluenon, reducing the Lord to mere mortal level, when a few brief, earnest, fervent sentences would have been infinitely more edifying to the listeners, more acceptable to God? And above all, how could a pastor, worthy of the name, presume to put such merry food as that upon the table, on the way of sermon? Nonger, miserable trash: all noise, wind, gnawing of empty stomachs—plain: not a solitary new idea; not one fresh, fragrant flower of fancy, from beginning to end: a mere showy humbug, pleasing to the ear, and strange to say, this man is popular; he has a handsome, well-filled church. But—I do not envy him his gift—no strange, after all! perhaps not: for though this deficient in learning, genius, and anything like true eloquence, yet has he not a fine person, graceful attitudes, a musical voice? is not his linen always spotless? hasn't he always a pleasant word for the women? doesn't he handle the babies admirably, at all christenings? doesn't he form a model bow? at a wedding? Was St. Paul himself at all comparable to him at any of these particulars? and are not these the gifts quite as essential to the degenerate age, as fervor, piety, self-devotion, thoughtful breathings and soul forth? I can't help thinking that if the glorious Apostle were alive to-day, and were willing to accept a call from this congregation, he wouldn't have the slightest chance—three-quarters of them would be for retaining the present incumbent, and the others would unanimously make them uncomfortable; would be quite too personal; would be saying all manner of unpalatable, intolerable things. He never would consent to having a prudence drenched for an organist; he couldn't set his face against dancing, while a sedentary, drowsy fashion was edicating in the choir as first sacrament—oh, no, he would be breeding a perfect tornado in the church within a week: as it is, things go on smoothly,—nobody hits his own brethren, and lets the mean consciences mind theirs: he sticks to his text, never ventures on nonsidicuous subjects, never handles forbidden topics, never says a single word, except easy flesh he has of it. Oh, what vile mockery what heartless, soulless rites are these—and in here many of them—in this country road, called Christianity! Sabbath after Sabbath, in the blessed name of Christianity! Are these things so, or am I a visionary? Look upon your road, dear reader! Christians were there present this very morning! a proper board of error or so, at most: the rest of us were a mere set of worshipings—casual, sleepy-looking old people, and restless, flippant youths—a few fashions, rather ludicrously rolling in with his fanny face, and his broad jokes, we should have been instantly, bright as lightning. Oh, what could be more ridiculous, what so insult to the Great Searcher of our faith, to put His name to such a mockery of conversion as there? Do we not need another Paul, indeed, to stir up these stagnant waters, to alarm those slumbering consciences? Is there a single powerful preacher to redeem in the church? Oh, dear! how delightful we all would be—so thoughtful, and so full too upon the old track—the better to pick up the loosers, and the others to talk cotton and politics. I don't—somehow—like the church at present. It is now about a hundred years since Tuesday made its appearance with these attendants, and it has entered their indestructibility. It has subsequently been taken up by other nations than those who have followed its regular appearance, and have even gone so far as to produce more than its parent country.

—If they be turned inside out, they attempt to replace themselves, and if unsuccessful, the animal commits suicide by tearing out the portion of the inner, and the reverse. If the effort be successful, the animal in the part turned back disappears in twenty-four hours in the place of the body it embraces, in such a manner that the person who originally beheld the part can find it in the centre of the body; the original sprung also disappears, and in the room of feeders a new mouth is formed to which new feeders attach themselves, and this new mouth feeds luxuriously. The bruised intestine elongates itself into a tail, of which the animal has new use. If one polyp be passed into one another like tubes, and pierced through with a bristle, the inner sucks on way through the other, and comes forth again in a few days, in some instances, however, they grow together, and then a double row of feelers surround the mouth. If they be mutilated, the divided parts grow togetherwards, and even pieces of two separate individuals will unite into one."

☞ To him a very cherished girl, and feel your mouth filled with Venetian Red, and she growing pale on it, is truly awful.

## A SUMMER VIEW OF NEW-ORLEANS.

The Thursday's (Gazette), under Thursday's (Day), is dated "New-Orleans, 14th June," and is full of news, to the County of Pontchartrain, the spouse of about one hundred and fifty miles from the Mississippi River, one hundred miles from Missouri, and about ten miles North of the boundary-line of the States of Iowa and Missouri. The aspect of the country ground is undulating, gentle elevation, narrow ravines, and occasionally wide-spread valleys, all covered with a rich and varying herbage. In these there are many displays in fruitfulness in the abundant production of grass, of fruits, and flowers. The Thompson River, about fifty yards in width, forms a shallow for navigable purposes, which slowly through Decatur City in a South-Eastern direction, on its way to the Missouri. Its course is lined by a heavy body of timber, from one to three miles wide, consisting of a belt of sugar-maple, black walnut, white oak, and elm.

On a high, timbered ridge, on the left bank of this river, stands New Buda, the residence of Gov. Ujhazy, and the head-quarters of Gen. Lassath. At this point the timber extends only a short distance from the river, and diverging circularly to the North and South-West, embraces an extensive open meadow covered with interstices of grass, mingled with a rich profusion of flowers, whose varied hues and brilliant colors increase the loveliness of the scene. Viewed from the residence of the Governor, it forms one of the brightest pictures of nature—its glowing colors shadowed and heightened by the surrounding gloom of the forest. The second view place, through the foliage of the trees, the Thompson River, which here presents a beautiful shallow for navigable purposes, winds slowly through Decatur City in a South-Eastern direction, on its way to the Missouri. Its course is lined by a heavy body of timber, from one to three miles wide, consisting of a belt of sugar-maple, black walnut, white oak, and elm.

On a high, timbered ridge, on the left bank of this river, stands New Buda, the residence of Gov. Ujhazy, and the head-quarters of Gen. Lassath. At this point the timber extends only a short distance from the river, and diverging circularly to the North and South-West, embraces an extensive open meadow covered with interstices of grass, mingled with a rich profusion of flowers, whose varied hues and brilliant colors increase the loveliness of the scene. Viewed from the residence of the Governor, it forms one of the brightest pictures of nature—its glowing colors shadowed and heightened by the surrounding gloom of the forest. The second view place, through the foliage of the trees, the Thompson River, which here presents a beautiful shallow for navigable purposes, winds slowly through Decatur City in a South-Eastern direction, on its way to the Missouri. Its course is lined by a heavy body of timber, from one to three miles wide, consisting of a belt of sugar-maple, black walnut, white oak, and elm.

The dwelling is a log cabin, about fifty feet in length and in width, one story high, with a shingle roof. The interior is divided into three compartments, and has a floor formed out of hewn logs. At the side stands a large and commodious addition. One of these apartments, as is common in the Western country, is used for a kitchen, a dining and bedroom. A modern cooking-stove stands near the fire-place; and opposite, on shelves and wall, cooking utensils and table furniture are neatly arranged. At the other end of the building, the bedsteads are placed, elegantly furniture, the snowy-white their linen contrasting with the vivid hues of their coloring. A table stands near the window, loaded with books, documents, and newspapers. Maps are displayed on the walls; and overhead is placed a miscellaneous lot of pistols, swords, and scimeters of the most artistic construction, and superbly ornamented. The most conspicuous of all is a splendid pistrait of Washington, gazing, as it were, with a calm, unimpassible countenance, upon the scene of so exalted, endeared society, and a delightful country, in a hapless struggle.

In front of the dwelling a field containing about twenty acres is cleared, fenced and under cultivation. Its chief staples are tobacco, the superior wool-growing qualities, fed in the pasture ground, while over a wider range a flock of sheep and several hundred head of cattle find subsistence upon the prairie. A table stands in every appearance promising to those hard fisted men a yet larger home.

On a future occasion I may give a sketch of Gov. Ujhazy and his family, and of the generous hospitality I experienced with them.

J. M. K.

A Timely Paragraph.—The following beautiful passage, by Washington Irving, in the "Life of Oliver Goldsmith," might almost make a November day cheerful:

And here let me say a word in favor of those melancholies of our climate which are apt to invade the subject of a reclusive reposing. If they are attacked with a fit of spleen, let them go out, from wet to day, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world. They give us the brilliant translucence of the Scottish sky with the fresh verdure of the North. They flood our Summer skies with clouds of gorgeous tints of fleecy whiteness, and send down sparkling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it in bloom. Our autumnal sunsets and the autumn of our Heavens are full of sublimity and beauty.

Winter with us has none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds, and bluster, and occasional storms of sleet and snow, but else its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled bright-ness to the day: when the air has a tonic quality with intensest lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most liquid radiance; and then the joyous outbreak of Spring, sweeping at once into leaf and blossom, redolent of fragrance and song, and all vocal with bird, and the splendors of our Summer—its morning sunlightenssons and evening glory—its airy transparencies of clouds piled up in the Eastern skies; and its gusts of tempest of almost-tropical violence, which sometimes sweep the whole thunder valley from the battlements of Heaven and shake the valley almost to its centre, and then leave the forest trees in serene, magnificent in its beauty, sweltering down the pomp and pride of a weekend country, to be succeeded by a yellow Autumn, in the gilt-den serenity of the sky, surely we must say that in our climate, Nature has indeed been the child of God, and the firmament showeth forth His handiwork; day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

A Source Fort.—An amusing instance of criticism, founded on a want of knowledge, occurs in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* for October. The writer after turning one of the finest of Bryant's immortal songs into fine Lucia, says:—"By the way, what a pleasure and much thought does one of these productions! and we think the gifts quite as essential to the degenerate age, as fervor, piety, self-devotion, thoughtful breathings and soul forth? I can't help thinking that if the glorious Apostle were alive to-day, and were willing to accept a call from this congregation, he wouldn't have the slightest chance—three-quarters of them would be for retaining the present incumbent, and the others would unanimously make them uncomfortable; would be quite too personal; would be saying all manner of unpalatable, intolerable things. He never would consent to having a prudence drenched for an organist; he couldn't set his face against dancing, while a sedentary, drowsy fashion was edicating in the choir as first sacrament—oh, no, he would be breeding a perfect tornado in the church within a week: as it is, things go on smoothly,—nobody hits his own brethren, and lets the mean consciences mind theirs: he sticks to his text, never ventures on nonsidicuous subjects, never handles forbidden topics, never says a single word, except easy flesh he has of it. Oh, what vile mockery what heartless, soulless rites are these—and in here many of them—in this country road, called Christianity! Sabbath after Sabbath, in the blessed name of Christianity! Are these things so, or am I a visionary? Look upon your road, dear reader! Christians were there present this very morning! a proper board of error or so, at most: the rest of us were a mere set of worshipings—casual, sleepy-looking old people, and restless, flippant youths—a few fashions, rather ludicrously rolling in with his fanny face, and his broad jokes, we should have been instantly, bright as lightning. Oh, what could be more ridiculous, what so insult to the Great Searcher of our faith, to put His name to such a mockery of conversion as there? Do we not need another Paul, indeed, to stir up these stagnant waters, to alarm those slumbering consciences? Is there a single powerful preacher to redeem